Yankee Doings

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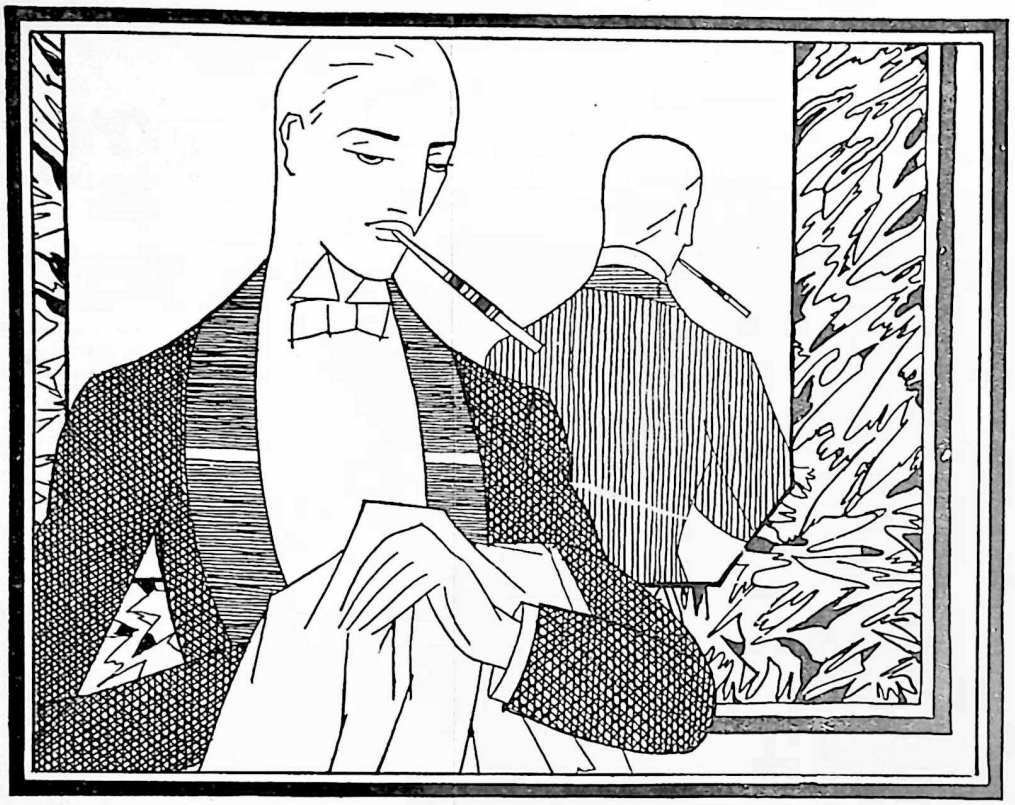

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"IT'S great! So smooth. It lathers instantly, too, even when you strike hard water," says one man. "I'm telling all my friends about Lux Toilet Form. And the fragrance is good—not too strong."

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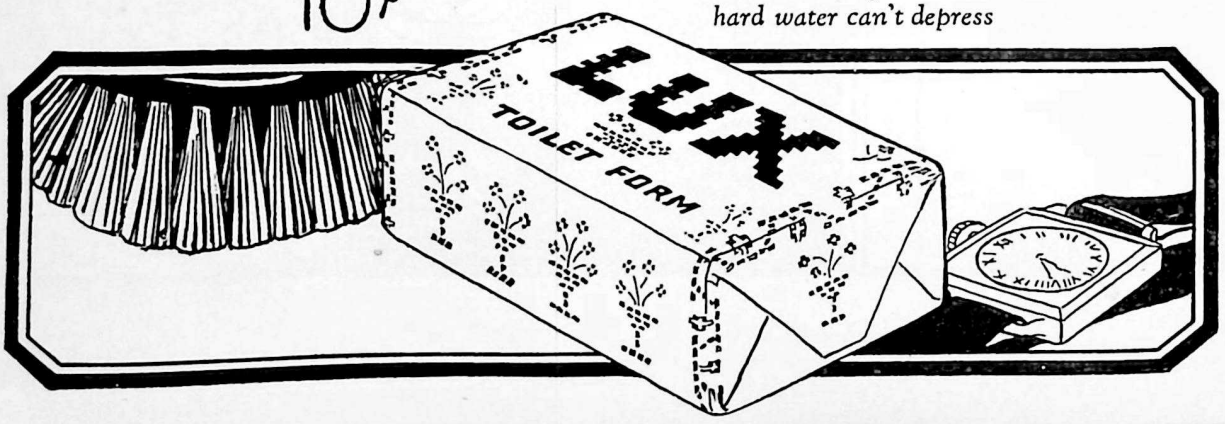

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President*

PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary and Editor*

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Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

"MERCI"

When the announcement was made that I had won the coveted prize of the trip to Paris in 1927, I immediately thought of the many friends who have helped to make this possible. The response to my efforts to sign new members for our YD Club in the recent membership campaign was all that one could wish for in hearty co-operation, and to all those good friends I wish to say "thank you!"

—NORMAN CARTER

GREETINGS FROM NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, MAINE

Just a few lines to remind you all that there are a few former members of our famous Yankee Division outfit that are not so fortunate as some of their buddies and all want to send their best wishes to all members of the Club for a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. Many times we get together and talk over old times, and think how we would like to be down in Boston enjoying some good times at the club, but cheer up, our day might come before long. So if you care to send former members a little Christmas Cheer, just drop a line to our good friend Sergt. Major Richard R. Blamer.

—PATRICK J. RYAN, Batt. C, 102d F. A.

COL. HERBERT IS PROMOTED

Made Deputy Dry Law Official for Maryland

Colonel John F. J. Herbert, former Worcester newspaper editor, first State Commander in Massachusetts of the American Legion and of late investigator with the prohibition department in New York, has been named deputy prohibition administrator for Maryland and the District of Columbia. He will be assistant to Major H. H. White, recently assigned to that district. The new deputy will have headquarters in Baltimore, with 14 agents under him.

Colonel Herbert is head of the 102d Field Artillery, 26th Division, Massachusetts National Guard. He joined the militia in 1904 with Battery B of the old M.V.M. and saw service on the Mexican border, was later connected with the Adjutant-General's office at Washington and then went overseas. For personal gallantry he was made a lieutenant-colonel in 1918.

WHY NOT?

All things being equal, why not patronize our advertisers? Consider the last issue. First of all you have the YD men who sound off on the inside of the front cover—from advertising to veterinary service.

Then you should get a YD radiator emblem for your car, which could be insured by the Liberty Mutual, and drive into the YD Service Garage for any work you need done on your machine. Have a feed at the Hotel Essex or the Hotel Bellevue, preparatory to enjoying an evening's entertainment at the Boston Arena. If you need glasses for the better enjoyment of a hockey match, boxing match, or what have you, Andrew J. Lloyd Company could fix you up. In order to be thoroughly togged out—visit Noyes Brothers, Inc., or L. P. Hollander Company. Most men aspire to the ownership of a home and there is a fine choice of architects and engineers advertised in the November issue—and the painting, etc., could also be taken care of by one of our advertisers. No home is complete without a piano and Charles D. Blake will take care of you on that. The insurance business is also represented by Eldredge & Keville, as well as a savings bank where money could be put aside to bring about the realization of your ambition. When we get to the back of the book we find there is a new type of collar for personal adornment, as well as a firm which would be glad to sell you diamonds and other jewelry, while Joyce Brothers and Hill & Bush Company will sell you clothes for all the family. Of course, it is understood that you have your life insured by Charlie Boynton. If you are thinking of stepping out and haven't previously found it desirable or possible to invest in fancy clothes, you can rent them from Read & White and get flowers from Tom Galvin, Jr., to send to the young lady. Perhaps you are a billiard or pool fan, and if so you can patronize the J. E. Came Company to give your home this equipment. When you have made all your purchases, draw a check on the State Street Trust Company and put your insurance and other valuable papers in a safe deposit box there and all will be serene.

"What kind of dress did Betty wear at the party last night?"

"I don't remember; I think it was checked."

"Say, what kind of a party was that?"

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Unless I'm many miles amiss
The late lamented armistice
Was nothing but a precipice
  Where hidden danger lurks.
Our life was mostly give and take,
We all were sitting somewhat jake
Until the final, fatal break
  That gummed the cock-eyed works.

* * * *

"Between Ourselves" is wont to rave
On sundry subjects, gay and grave,
From dugout-rats to heroes brave,
  From diplomats to consuls.
The style is purest Hyde Park prose,
Bum verse or jingle never goes
(Except, as now, when medicoes
  Are trimming Sandy's tonsils).

* * * *

For tonsils, friends, I hold no brief.
They're blamed for half our mortal grief:
For rheumatiz and loss of beef,—
  And yet, when I was young
In bygone days, before the guerre,
We treated every tonsil square;
They never got the wear and tear
  Of parking sweetie's tongue.

* * * *

I hate to chide our editor,
There's much he merits credit for.
And yet he's surely headed for—
  (I only hope I'm wrong).
Quite recently I penned a line
Anent his taste for sparkling Wine.
It's Wimmin now, and I opine
  Next month it may be Song.

—FULLER P. NARD

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD AND NEW YD VETS

November DOINGS page 6, "Diablo's Impressions" was very good. The youngsters as they term themselves (more power to them) should first ascertain the job held down during the guerre by the vet's still among them and then use their own good judgment. I have heard of one lad who was never beyond the K. P. stage who later was a top-kick in the N.G. of Boston. I am d—— if I can see how a good buck of '18 can have the nerve to do some of the things they have done. This is a very delicate subject and it's not "Privates Only."

They say it's expedient to do this and that, but this same fellow "expedient" hurt some veteran organization to begin with and still is. I really believe many more fellows would take an interest if there was some way devised to keep these gold bricks in the background where they belong. One of the "big bricks" I know of had the nerve to run for a seat in the government of his city as a veteran. The gang says "I'll be d——," that was all. About fifty of them couldn't get back from France quick enough to expose him. He never attended a reunion and never to my knowledge entered a veterans' meeting nor marched in a parade. Being the bird who gave us 1-2-3-4 before bacon for months, he sure was in better shape to stick out a parade or two than some of our grand old men (old enough to be his grandfather) who never missed a parade and who should have rode but never would.

Another has made known his fond dreams of becoming the chief of a large group of veterans. To a certain few only. If he springs that on the multitude, he will find it's a nightmare.

These men, who were too raw altogether, must know (it would seem) the contempt in the hearts of the men that know them and so should lay off, but they don't.

I am I hope a tolerant man and am not disgruntled. I have worked in veterans' associations for years and am willing and thankful that I have the arms, legs, etc., to carry on, as I felt I owed it to the gang that was and is.

The young vets sprung a good one "What are you going to Do?" Let's go.

—WHIZ BANG

KIND WORDS

(From "The Sentry Box," in the Hartford Daily Times.)

Many scores of former service boys in Hartford well remember days when in billets or on a hike they were eager to get any kind of reading. They were glad to struggle with even French newspapers—though the papers were so censored that news was as rare as pearls dissolved in angels' tears. Well, in these lean later days they are as glad if they get a copy of YANKEE DOINGS, the gallus monthly which the Yankee Division Veterans Association serves out from the post de commande at 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston. Lieut. Col. Wm. J. Keville, who is well known here, is president of the association and Philip N. Sanborn is secretary and editor.

Just now the magazine is busy with the 26th Division memorial proposition. Each issue has news and views anent the proposed church in Belleau not far from Torcy and Trugny and other places of direct interest to soldiers from Hartford, and in or near some of which they lost buddies.

ARMISTICE DAY ADDRESS

By William McGinnis (102nd F. A.)
Commander Massachusetts Dept., A. L.

November the seventh, 1918, at dawn, countless numbers of men weary from the strain of another night's vigil, awaiting the approach of daylight. Another day of destruction and a hope that by evening they will remain among the living. During the night the incessant rifle and gun fire, the casualty list has grown, now motionless figures dot the ground, the stench of decaying flesh fills the air, ambulances winding their way over treacherous roads with their precious freights. These same roads are filled with new arrivals, eager for the great adventure, silently carrying on with no complaint, grim determination in their faces to get busy on the immediate job in hand. Just another day of carnage, anxious hearts the world over bravely facing imminent disaster, tired and swollen eyes scanning new casualty lists. The annihilation goes on. The monster that has threatened civilization must be stopped. The cost must not be counted. The advance continues, more broken, bruised and bleeding bodies drag their way to the rear. More silent forms lie on the ground.

Rumors are rife, but armies thrive on rumors in battle, for the man on the firing line knows little except that which takes place in his own vicinity.

Our attention is now directed to French Poilus guarding a very small section of the front on this seventh day of November, 1918. They are startled in the early dawn by the glare of headlights on several motor cars approaching from the German lines. They leave their trenches to surround the cars. A French Staff Officer is waiting and motions them to stop at a safe distance. Large, white flags carried by the occupants of the cars can now be seen.

What can it all mean? The cars contain Germans. The place is the village of Houdray. They are on their way to an Armistice conference, requested by the German authorities. The occupants of the cars are blindfolded. French soldiers take the wheels and the cars move on through the French lines to the front of Compiegne, near Rethondes. On a spur track, shielded from observation by trees and guarded by vigilant Poilus, is the railroad car of Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces. The German delegates are ushered into the car and silently seat themselves around a table littered with maps and papers. The conference begins, secrecy surrounds every move and action. The future of civilization is at stake. The fighting continues along the entire front. The Grim Reaper continues his tabulation. The conference continues four days. On November 11th, at 7:25 A. M., the following telegram is sent from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces:

> "Armistice with Germany has been signed *Period* All Hostilities cease at eleven hours this date the eleventh instant *Period* Instructions contained in telegram two four seven Sec G. S. these Headquarters will be complied with *Period* Acknowledge receipt *Period*."

The hour has arrived. Men are amazed, some give expression to their emotions. They stand with the tears running down their cheeks. Some show traces of a grim smile, others are disappointed, they cannot believe that the thing has ended. Someone has described the situation in these words:

> "All we did was stand
> And stare and stare,
> Just stare and stand
> And never say a word."

At this hour, nearly five million Americans were under arms. More than two million were overseas, and more than two million in America wanting to go. Words utterly fail to describe the carnage. God alone knows what was in the hearts of the poor unfortunates who were seared. Hospitals in all the involved nations still tell the ferocity of the conflict. The blind, legless, armless, insane, tubercular, diseased survivors, who have lived over the battle ever since they were stricken, will continue to live them over for years to come. Their suffering should fill every thoughtful person with the World War's devastation.

Ten millions of men killed, twenty millions wounded, thirty million casualties. If that army were mobilized, four abreast, and would start marching ten thousand five hundred every hour past the steps leading to the State House, more than one hundred days would be required for it to pass.

The cost in treasure can never be known. Humanity will carry the burden of the World War for generations. America's loss was not heavy compared with some of the other countries engaged, but, we gave eighty thousand of our sons and daughters and over one hundred and ninety-eight thousand were wounded, of whom some twenty-six thousand are still in hospitals. We do not see the ravages of war here as they may be seen in France, but we frequently encounter a grim, gaunt wreck of what was once a carefree American boy, with every hope, every ideal of any other American boy, wrecked.

We paid an awful price for human freedom. What do we owe those who died, those who suffer; what is our duty to our country in the future; what lessons has the war taught us?

We must keep alive the spirit of citizenship of the war days. We must intensify the true American spirit of pacifism—Peace, but peace with honor. We must use every honorable means to prevent war again, but we must impress upon the coming generations that if our country is worth living in, it is worth dying for.

We must be on guard against the elements that would have us repudiate our going to war in 1917. We must urge incessant warfare on the native pacifist, whose policies undermine our system of government. We must insist that so long as there is danger of more war, America must be adequately prepared, for we know that many American boys would not be sleeping in the soil of France or God's silent gardens in this country today if we had known more about modern warfare. We must be inspired to the glories of our country by thinking of how in all of our wars we have fought for human freedom. We must be on guard against those who

would teach the children that all our wars were folly, that the Americans who brought them about were eager to kill and maim their fellow men.

Armistice Day is the day of the whole world. It is one of only two world days—the other is Christmas.

Armistice Day should be a legal holiday throughout this nation. It embodies all that is in Memorial Day, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. We should rejoice at our victory; we should give thanks for our blessings, assured by our sacrifices in blood.

We should make it a day of rededication and reconsecration to higher and finer ideals; a day which should inspire us to a firmer determination to solve the problems of our country.

In our dealings with our former ally and Sister Republic, France, let us be guided by the spirit of partnership demonstrated by both peoples in the dark hours of tragedy. In our discussions of accounts receivable and accounts paid, let us not forget that American blood was generously spilled on the soil of France in the belief that it was a common enterprise and that France, who suffered so much, did not count the cost from the time we declared war until we reached the firing line. This must be considered in all discussions of the bookkeeping records.

Thirty thousand Americans are going to France next September, members of the American Legion, on a Pilgrimage of Remembrance. We who were there understand, others may not. No controversy over debts can sever the bond of love and affection between the American soldier for the Poilu and the French people. If cancellation be the only alternative, then let the debts be cancelled immediately.

We want no more war but we can rightly be proud of the part we played during the actual hostilities. To show that pride we should honor both the dead and living who served; care for the disabled, their widows and the orphan children; perpetuate the American spirit which abounds with loyalty and courage, described by Galsworthy in these few lines:

"Courage: 'Tis the mysterious which never yields
But hails us on and to breast the rush of all the fortunes
We shall happen through
And when death calls across his shadowy fields
Dying, it answers, 'Here—I am not dead' ."

E. H. Eldredge W. J. Keville

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WE'VE COME BACK TO YOU

(To the 26th Yankee Division)

Many months ago we left you,
Dear friends of New England States,
To help the French and Allies
To show Germany her fate.

We left you with our hearts bowed down
For you, folks we love the most,
Then too the trail on which we came
Was marked by death's mile-posts.

We arrived safely in dear old France,
Our voyage over quite tame,
But soon after our duties at Soissons
Found us in Toul sector at Lorraine.

Then from Lorraine we shouldered arms,
Our faces toward Chateau Thierry—
A front proclaimed by all
As one which had grown weary.

The great advance at St. Mihiel—
Don't you remember the time?
'Twas beginning of September,
Your friends were there, and mine.

Many days of rain, filth, shells and blood,
Days lived in Hell's own gates.
With your friends going west and mine
To save the good old States.

The worst of all the battles
Was the next one at Verdun,
A place which had been besieged
For four years by the Hun.

But Jerry could not stop us,
Though tired we kept up step,
And when at last relief came
He had learned of Yankee pep.

It was then the news of peace came—
The words which meant so much
To all the allied nations
As well as those in dutch.

And now we've come back to you—
Those of us who are left—
To share with you the happiness
Of a world to live in rest.

We know you're glad we've come
For we've showed our gallant faith—
Just what we think in arms and deeds
To our great New England States.

We love dear France and Allies,
But now the war is through
We've returned to the States of States,
New England, the Yankee, And You.

HARRY N. ANDERSON (A. E. F.)
Hartford, Conn.

I AND THE MAJOR

By Lyman B. Cozzens

"Well, what was it you said to the Major to bring on his vituperations, Lyman?'

"All I said was 'Yes sir'."

At this the merry party at Aunt Bertha's bubbled over with mirth.

It was Christmas day and I had brought a couple of my old timers to Aunt Bertha's to dinner. The rest had accepted invitations to dine out and Aunt Bertha, good sport that she is, had agreed to stay home and entertain us. She had also invited two others to balance the table. We had decided that it was going to be an occasion for fighting the war over again but one of the extra guests had brown eyes and so it was all off, as we thought, but on second thought it might have been an easy cause for another war.

However, we were now all together around Aunt Bertha's festive board. The brown eyes seemed to be the attraction of the evening. I was sitting next to her and it was my aunt's house but Jack Benson was monopolizing her, nevertheless. He always tries to hog every party. Anyway, I began a yarn about the Major when the oysters were served.

A great rose bowl stood in the center of the table. A huge bunch of tea roses in a setting of luxuriant holly which dropped down at four corners to the heavy damask cloth. Four graceful candles, brilliant red, set in small glass bases, graduated to slender tips high in the air and terminated in a tiny quivering flame. This was all the decorations except the place plates with wide gold edges in front of each appetite. On these were placed the oysters on half shells and a small glass of cocktail sauce set deep in shaved ice. I had just dipped a large one in and someone asked, "Well, what was it you said to the Major?"

The Major had told me emphatically that I could not go to Nice and yet the first thing he asked me when I got back was, "Lyman, did you go to Nice?" and I said, "Yes, sir." All my trouble had been to no avail. I had asked the M. P. there not to stamp Nice on my pass and I had had to repeat it to others on my way out of that forbidden town. I had also gotten off the train at Cette where I was supposed to be on my leave and made the French M. P. understand that I wanted the Pass stamped "IN" three days ago and "OUT" today, so as to make the Major think I had been there.

Brown eyes wanted to know what the Major then said. A consomme in two-handled green and gold cups was being served, so for the next few moments we all sat listening to Jack Benson's soup. But as I saw brown eyes again traveling toward Jack, I hastened to divert them to myself. He wasn't going to get all her attention if I could help it.

"For a good part of the war I was attached to A Co. Good old A. They treated me like a prince, not once suspecting my rough neck rating. In the eyes of most of them I was King Pin or Queen Bee, whatever the saying is. This was through no merit of my own but because I stuck them with a needle and squirted in some rotten stuff that made them sick. They like you better if you treat 'em rough.

"I was fortunate in getting a three-day leave in which I travelled over the greater part of France including Nice. When I returned and had said 'Yes sir' to the Major and he had administered some fatherly advice for the future, he sent me to A Co., which was at LeLude.

"Here I found that the quarters for the Medical men were in a small corner of the top sergeant's office. That would never do for one of my auspicious bearing. I could not entertain my patients there.

"I explained the situation to the lieutenant and he let me get away with murder. I hired a whole house at the expense of the U. S. Government. Here I hung out my flag and started in the Medical profession with a blaze of glory and a feather bed on which to lay my weary head at night."

Jack had finished his soup and a maid was clearing the table for more action. As wine is never seen on my aunt's table, cider was served in high, large-bowled glasses, thin stemmed. Two great mallard ducks were being carved, at a side table, with savory stuffing and cranberry jelly. Brown eyes wanted to know if she should serve some candied sweet potatoes that were in front of her. Creamed cauliflower was going around and Benson was taking in a supply of olives and celery. There was a lot of other stuff adding to the confusion but we finally got straightened out and I was allowed to proceed.

"Life at LeLude was one happy dream for a time and then the Major came to town.

"I was much perturbed when I saw the inevitable approaching and my knees may have knocked together a bit. But he said very little. He just stood there looking helplessly at the house and my elaborate display. I learned afterwards, that he said with some irritation and disgust, 'Oh, Lyman always will have his own way.' And I, when I was sure that the danger was over, went right on housekeeping in my magnificence and my feather bed, administering to the indispositions of A Co.

"When the company moved, my medicine chest had to be carried on one of the luggage trucks and I saw to it that my personal pack went too. Surely, nobody would expect a dignified and learned M. D. to be seen carrying a pack."

Benson passed his plate for more duck. The pig! Besides he stared at brown eyes altogether too much. I must take care of her and see that she wasn't offended.

"Did you march at the head of the company or did you ride?" There was just a faint suspicion of laughter, but I looked up quickly, and found no guile.

"I have never read a Manual or whatever it is in which the Army regulations are set down, but I have often wondered if there is anybody who knows where a Medical Man belongs in the line of march when on detached service, I was never placed anywhere. The rest of the regiment just formed and went, paying not the slightest attention to me, nor cared whether I was there or not. But it left me care free and unburdened to dance along the line anywhere it pleased me to be—except when the Major put in his appearance and sent me back with his bunch of inadequates.

There we fought and nagged and grumbled until called out on detail again."

By this time the carcass of the ducks had dwindled to mostly bones, and maids bore down on the remains, reducing the table once more to its decorations and a few tumblers. Then salads were brought in, frozen pineapple jelly on a crisp lettuce leaf, mayonnaise, a maraschino cherry and chunks of candied ginger.

I turned to Aunt Bertha, "I've nearly reached the breaking point."

She said, "Oh, don't break yet, there's a big plum pudding with two sauces that must be eaten." Benson gave me a look of withering scorn; I don't know why I brought him.

"When the Medical Detachments were in quarters together it was horrible. No two agreed and peace didn't exist. But again it had its good points. At Orquevaux, where we had rooms in the old chateau, we never answered Reveille. Nobody paid any attention to us and the Major was up to the Front at Soissons. Therefore we slept on peacefully until Mess Call, when we arose in a body and got into formation. The beauty of the Medical Department was that it was an unknown quantity, for so long as we kept out of sight we were let alone.

"But suddenly something happened. Some jealous person reported our comfortable condition and gloom settled down upon us. "The Medical Department must line up with the rest every morning." I don't know who discovered it or what officer had the courage to give the order, but line up we did. The order came and we were privates.

"Well, it must have been midnight when they blew the Reveille the next morning! It was pitch black dark. Only about half of us were to be startled into wakefulness enough to be conscious of it. These grabbed a pair of boots and an overcoat to cover their unpreparedness sufficiently and gathered in motley assemblage.

"The sergeant, our sergeant, had no list of names for the roll call so he conveniently called the names of whoever he saw, till he finished the abbreviated line. Then all being "present and accounted for" we were dismissed and made for the hay again, with those who were in blissful ignorance that anything had happened."

Aunt Bertha interrupted, "Are you going to have some of this, Lyman?" I had not noticed that another change had been accomplished, but now saw that everybody had been helped to pudding. It certainly looked good. A creamy hot sauce had been poured over each piece when served and a dish of hard sauce was passed for those who liked both. I weakened.

Aunt Bertha had in front of her a silver urn bubbling and spurting and sending out a delicious aroma of good coffee. She was pouring it into six demi tasses which circulated around to their respective places followed by a tray bearing cream and sugar. Various dishes of salted nuts were within reach of all. Some chocolates and bonbons were placed dangerously near Jack.

From out of the melée Aunt Bertha apologized and said, "You were about to tell us what happened at Monce et Belin." I had just bitten into a candied apricot.

"Oh, yes, one of the lieutenants was taken sick there. He was said to be delirious with a high fever, and someone had to go to his billet and take care of him. The Major said, 'Send Lyman' and Lyman went, not knowing whether it was a compliment or an insult. I thought it might be punishment for something.

"Immediately the Medical Department went on the bum, demoralized in my absence. The first morning I was not there to get them up, they slept through all the bugle calls and mess and only woke up when sick call came in on them. Consequently, they had no breakfast, which frequently happened. Nobody paid any attention to the Medical Department. The Major was in the next town.

"My duties comprised giving the Lieutenant doses that the Major prescribed and bringing him his meals from the officers' mess.

"Three times a day I brought him a full dinner. Three times a day he refused to eat anything. Three times a day the tray went back *EMPTY*. The Medical Department, you remember, had had no breakfast.

"One morning I went on my daily trip to get the Lieutenant's meal. They had sausages and fried potatoes. Gosh!

"The cook said, 'This is not good for a sick man!' (Poor Hutch, Pillsbury, McConaty Remmele.)

"'I am going to give him anything he wants. He is quite well today.' I lied. It was bad subterfuge but it got by. The cook filled a plate with the fried stuff while I gathered up all the toast in sight, a pot of coffee and a can of jam.

"I felt foolish when I offered this to the Lieutenant. But it was his breakfast and he had first right to it. He nibbled a piece of toast, took a sip of coffee and turned over and went to sleep, while I made my way over to the dispensary.

"Hell and Maria! I nearly got knocked down in the enthusiastic welcome. Twice I went back after more coffee and bread. The cook said, 'Hey, what did you say was the matter with the Lieutenant?'

"'Tape worm' I hollered and disappeared into the dispensary.

"But the Major was there and caught me, or nearly did. I had a camouflage of dirty dishes over the top and 'just stopped to get more medicine', and I laid the tray on a table. If anything happened to it in the meantime I knew nothing about it. When I took it up again every dish was in its place as I had left it, but I don't think the Medical Department was dumb.

"Queer as it may seem, the Lieutenant got well eventually and although the Major had been the brains and skill, I am not sure that he got any credit. Co. A acclaimed *me* the hero and told the world 'Doc Cozzens pulled him through'."

Aunt Bertha had evidently given a quiet order, for Viola was bringing in some dainty glass finger bowls on plates with tiny lace doilies. On the side were two sugar mints and a rose.

Aunt Bertha was leaving the table and led the way into the library. Brown eyes took her rose with her. I pushed Benson aside and asked her if she wouldn't like two roses, and held up mine. She said, "I already have two but would be glad to have three."

"Benson always did hog everything."

CONGRATULATIONS

On Nov. 10, 1926, a daughter, RAMONA ELLEN, was born to Mr. and Mrs. SCOTLAND MILLAR (102d Inf., Co. H) Daisetta, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. ALEXANDER W. BECKETT (101st Eng., Co. A) are also receiving congratulations on the birth, Nov. 10, of a daughter.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

By Eugene M. Kelcy, 101st M.G. Battalion

I'm glad we're going to France and not to England.

* * * *

For seven weary days the S.S. Megantic furtively stole across the Atlantic. To fully sour appetites, from the start a fierce rainstorm sloshed the slippery decks soon after Halifax slipped from sight. Several ships in the convoy were decrepit tubs and the passenger liners had to doze along with them.

The bunch was sick as expectant cats, as only a mid-west landlubber crowd could get. The ornamented companion staircase echoed the groans of a hundred bellyholders. They slobbered all over the oriental rugs and shiny hand rails. When boat drill came around they half staggered into place and donned life preservers like circus clowns. It was a voyage not easily called pleasant.

Added to sundry discomforts was the eternal orange marmalade served with every meal. The bunch was good and sick of it. And the slow venom of British dislike was well started. Isn't it peculiar how such petty causes fester into deep rooted unfriendliness?

When several U. S. sub-chasers joined us midway, the humor of the crowd was little improved. What they wished most to see was a strip of unheaving land. They would have cheered the sight of Pago-Pago or the Samoan Islands. And, when at last the mist-lined shores of England appeared through the morning murk, there was a bolstering of the never-give-up spirit and half stumblingly, yet determinedly, the bunch began preparations to disembark. Around Brighton the giant liner slowed enough so the pretty cottages of the resort dwellers were plainly visible. And while passing the resort the sun peeped through for a moment. So this is England? There was a heartening, an almost well-feeling among this brave crew that came across the briny to fight by the side of its allies.

There was the usual stir and bustle and hanging around the docks. Voice was given to approaching hunger and the crowd of doughboys became restive. At last, after seemingly hours of waiting, orders were given to "fall in." And the march uptown, through the center of the city of Liverpool, was an actuality. Many weak knees wobbled on the unaccustomed solid ground. Full military bearing was simply not to be had. And yet these stalwart men were surely warriors. You could see it on their square-rigged chins, in their flashing eyes. They were Americans. And so, when the first promising street was reached and dozens of people were seen on their way to work, chests unconsciously filled and a measure of snap and peppiness surged through the ranks. But what a douche of cold water they were to get!

As the more frequented thoroughfares were reached, when on every side people were passing, this bunch of patriots, coming to fight the battle of the wearied and the downtrodden, expected some sign of welcome from the English populace. Expect it? They were certain that at any minute the cheering would break out. They looked about them; and met only blank stares and very little of that. Soon enough the painful truth reached them. These citizens of Liverpool did not feel inclined to throw their hats in the air or whoop their lungs out just because a few hundred Americans have arrived "after the worst of the war was over." And this was as early as October, 1917.

But, yes, hold on, there was someone interested in the arrival of these Americans. Two or three dirty street urchins weedled between the ranks and asked, no, demanded, "hey, givus a penny!" That crew of seaworn doughboys looked sicker than in mid-Atlantic. They were almost physically ill from disappointment. What did they come for? To fight for a people who lack the simplest and least expensive of courtesies, that of welcome? What manner of people were these?

And so that gang moved through the streets of Liverpool silently, with heads bowed dejectedly. It was a hard march, made doubly hard by the bitterness that the men carried in their hearts.

A particularly narrow street was reached. The men stepped along slowly in route march step. The crazy set cobbles were almost totally deserted. It was a side street, away from the noise of the business section. It was dull gray above and a chilly wind was sweeping from the water front. The gang was surely in low spirits. But inside of a minute all this was changed, as if a baton was swung commandingly by a relenting Providence.

A window on the second floor of an ordinary looking house suddenly swung open and a gray-haired woman leaned out excitedly, and yelled, like one possessed of all the youthful excitements, "Hello, boys, gee, I'm glad to see you! I'm an American, too!" And waving a small silken stars and stripes the fine lady's eyes filled with tears. It was a tense moment! It was a glorious moment! It was a moment in which all that just-passed aloofness, that just-passed coldness was swept aside as if it never existed. It was a time for taut nerves to break, for emotions to swell into a roaring crescendo. That bunch of doughboys almost went nutty. It was well that no crowd was there to see the crazy antics of this overtaxed handful of recruits. For several minutes the ranks were broken and the yelling that prevailed reminded strongly of a Navajo Indian dance festival. And those of the doughboys who remained dry-eyed were so few that they were unnoticed. It was worth the entire nightmare of a trip across the Atlantic to have seen this:—a gray-haired mother waving a bit of flag and speaking good old U. S. A., who of that Megantic bunch does not remember those precious moments, those words of cheer when cheer was needed most? God bless the woman!

* * * *

I'm glad we're going to France and not to England.

101st ENGINEERS' WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The regular monthly meeting of the Welfare Association was held at the Cadet Armory on November 1st. Tea was served by "A" Company.

A goodly sum was realized from the bazaar at the Armory on the afternoon and evening of November 6th. A chicken pie supper was served to about one hundred people.

—L. H. T.

APREMONT TRIANGLE

EDITOR DOINGS:

In your October issue, I find the query:—"What is being done about placing a monument on Apremont Triangle, Springfield, Mass.?"

The fact is, this same "monument" matter, destined to rise superior to a "boulder" or a "captured German cannon," has waited on the return from Europe of Colonel Charles H. Tenney, who arrived home some ten days ago, and is now gathering up the lines of "a captain of industry" for the "$200,000,000 of capital" in his various enterprises. As president of the Hotel Kimball Corporation, he is in effect the chief figure of "The Apremont Triangle Associates" of owners fronting the civic triangle, who have taken on the placing of an appropriate monument at the focus of its emparked greensward. To render this in effect what we described in your May issue—a peer in art of the "Shaw Monument" though lesser in scale—is the purpose. Since its "Springfield Grand Review of the 104th" before departing for overseas, in bronze panel, will typify the entire immortal regiment intact, before many had "paid the price" of glory in battle, it will most appropriately consort at Springfield with the "Boston State House Mural" of the "Decoration of Colors and Men in France," when they of the dead and the wounded who had paid "the price" were not in the regimental line glorified.

And this brings us to the counter query: "What of the work on that 104th Mural for the State House; and will it be on the wall for Apremont Day, 1927, unveiling?" With processional and other accompaniments corresponding to Apremont Day, 1926, at Springfield?

Get the gauge on this, YANKEE DOINGS.

Fraternally,
—ALBERT WINSLOW COBB

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EDITOR YANKEE DOINGS:

Your entreaties for news in the last issue of YANKEE DOINGS have hit me so hard that here I am on Thanksgiving Day trying to answer them.

The most important thing in my life at this time is my new son, Wallace H. Parker, born October 7. Say, brother, he's a wonder.

The biggest kick that I have coming with the issues of our paper, is where the'll is the 101st Inf.? They were demobilized at Camp Devens in April 1919, and they were so elated to get out of this man's army that they all had heart failure and died,—they might just as well, for they are so dumb.

Hardly any news from the Heart of America, but I will tell you what some of the fellows are doing: FRANK BOLEN is selling real estate; NICK APPOLONIO is with the *Star*; C. C. FARLEY is credit man for one of the paint houses; HARRY SPATH is still tinkering with automobiles; JOHN MOBERLY is trying to run the railways, and the rest are trying to make a living.

I wish that you would ask through YANKEE DOINGS for the following fellows to drop me a line: WENDELL PHILLIPS, called Jake; JOE DURAND, called Zink; DAN BRENNAN, who I understand is a cop in Lowell, and any other man out of Co. M who would care to write.

This isn't what you call a newsy letter but maybe it will give you some satisfaction to know that at least one man's inner self was appealed to.

Sincerely yours,
—CHESTER W. PARKER

500 Huntzinger Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo.

NOVEMBER SMOKER

Off with a Bang

The open season is on. All those men who had secured Shooting Licenses from BILL SNYDER, shot right for the Club on the evening of November 24th and trained their sights on the tempting morsels paraded on the platform in the hall, and enjoyed an evening of pleasure such as has never before been offered. It was a star performance of star performers.

The programme was opened by our own star, President CARROLL SWAN of the club, and in his own jovial way, welcomed back to the fold the straying members of the flock, who had been rescued for the cause in our last great effort, the very successful drive for members.

The first entertainment number, one of Harry McGowan's entertainers, sang a few ballads, a buxom lass with silver lined pipes, took down the house,—the success of the evening was on its way. This offering was followed by a very peppy blonde of the same stable, whose offering of popular numbers on the cabaret plan was well received.

The next performer, also of the McGowan string, was Sam Page, (ask HAROLD PAGE about his startling statement), a tall son of Africa, with a pair of roaring red balloon trousers and tie to match, a well-toned uke and set of itching fingers on his right grappler, a fine entertaining whistle, supplemented with a pair of passionate lips and full cheeks, and many changes of face, entertained for quite considerable time. As an encore, he sang many original numbers, and topped the evening off with ideas of the Charleston and Blackbottom numbers. His educated feet, loose limbs and shuffling manner were marvels to behold.

Next on the programme was a headliner from a local theatre, two winsome females of the Duncan Sister type, who entertained with many original songs. A very fine number.

Then along came our old friend Harry McGowan, a local boy, product of local minstrels and other amateur theatricals, who made his professional debut some time ago, very successfully entertained with many original numbers, both song and story. This fellow has a personality that "gets one" right off the reel, and from the start became as one of the audience. His many request numbers from the gang were highly amusing and well received.

The next number was announced by President Swan as a surprise, it really took in the form of a presentation from the club to Mr. Nathaniel Perkins, one of our trustees, who was present. Two of the boys tugged at a huge basket which they finally deposited on the stage, and when finally uncovered, out hopped a sprightly little miss, Gertrude Westying, and entertained with songs and a toe dance number. As an encore, an interpretive dance along "Jockey Dance" lines to the tune of "Hosses" was well executed. She also gave us original interpretations of the Charleston and Blackbottom dances. This little girl is known as the Daughter of the Mass. Department of the American Legion, the daughter of George Westying and a member of Back Bay Post.

Here, the first drawing for prizes to be given in connection with the recent membership drive took place. Miss Westying drew the name of GEORGE BENTLEY as the recipient of a volume of fine reading, "New England in France," donated by our good friend, "BEN" TICHNOR. Next came the drawing of many prizes, and as Miss Westying drew the names from the helmet, the lucky boys stepped forward to be presented their prizes, and personally congratulated by this little peach. GEORGE TWOMBLY, EDDIE FERGUSON, BILL BOWES and CHARLIE MAINS received shaving sets; BEN JAMES, a bundle of framed mottoes; JACK SHIELD, a fountain pen, ROLAND CROOK, also a fountain pen; CLARENCE THOMASEY, a basket of groceries; M. J. MCLAUGHLIN, a YD radiator emblem; BEN GORFINKLE, a basket of choice groceries and TONY COLOMBO, a fountain pen.

Then came the banner attraction. The Great Master Mind, "Dunninger," headliner at Keith's during the week, who had been startling all Boston with his mental wizardry, elected to pick beforehand the winner of the Grand Prize—a trip to France, including one week in Gay Paree. He was given a duplicate list of the men eligible for the prize—L. H. REDFIELD, CHARLES C. HURTER, NORMAN B. CARTER, GEORGE ROBERTS, F. W. FOSS, A. J. FURDON, JOHN J. KELLEY, W. C. MOSER and FRED T. WILSON. He selected one name and deposited same in an envelope, sealed it and placed it in the keeping of Miss Westying. The stage all set, with nine names in a trench helmet, Mr. Nathaniel Perkins began the serious task of elimination. As each name was drawn from the helmet, it was read, the man eliminated, until finally there remained but two names in the helmet. Then Mr. Perkins drew forth the name of TED WILSON. One remained; the hand descended again to the helmet; and the name of NORMAN CARTER was declared the winner of the trip to France. Amid the tumult of cheering and congratulation for Carter, Dunninger raced out, approached the rostrum, secured the envelope about to be opened by Mr. Perkins, and presented him with the name of Carter. Very mysterious.

Then back again to our other prizes; REDFIELD carried off the gold wrist watch; CHARLIE HURTER, a pair of platinum cuff links, the donation of JACK MALONE; F. W. FOSS, two volumes, entitled, "Intimate Papers of Colonel House," donated by BEN TICKNOR; GUS FURDON, a travelling set of Gillette Razors in gold; JOHN KELLEY, a pair of Crescent Shoes, donated by Andy Andrizano of the Crescent Shoe Co. on Tremont Row; TED WILSON, a gold Gillette razor; JOHN GOODE, a Copley Gillette razor; W. C. Moser, a fine briar pipe; GEORGE Roberts and JIM WOODS, writing sets of fountain pen and pencil. CHARLIE STANCHFIELD, a silk muffler, which he very graciously returned to Carroll Swan to be given to some wounded veteran, and FR. FARRELL, a case of canned goods. A surprise gift was given Redfield of 10 linen guest towels, as a reward for securing the most resident and non-resident memberships during the drive.

Then some more entertainment. Five saxophone artists, understood to be the survivors of the Six Brown Brothers, entertained with a series of wonderful numbers. These versatile performers delighted the gathering and received

a deafening applause, and left us only after having been recalled to the stage several times.

The big treat of the evening had arrived. Our own "Johnny" (John F.) Fitzgerald, who we will always remember as the last being we saw on the shores of America, when sailing from New York, to the Great Adventure. As the boats left the dock, there, standing on a pierhead, was John F. singing "Sweet Adeline" to the top of his lungs, and with arms extended, with hands clasped, wished us success and speedy return to our native shores. Well, John F. just ran into our party, and with him was a girl dear to the hearts of all veterans, because of her work overseas, "Blanche Ring." What a reception! Blanche just sat down at the piano, rattled off a lot of music and some very original songs, very new and up to the minute. Then, as encore after encore was given, she reversed her field, and ran for a touchdown. All the war-time songs and ditties that we all knew were played and the veterans just cut loose under the able leadership of John F. Fitzgerald. The old boy had not changed a bit, and as of yore, lead the gathering in three rousing cheers for the "Greatest Mayor that Boston ever had, John F. Fitzgerald." Then John F. got serious and as a man in the public life of the City and State, paid glowing tribute to our able and efficient President, Carroll Swan. This was followed by three cheers and a tiger from the YD's under the leadership of Mr. Perkins. As the strains of "Till we meet again," died away, the veterans gathered on the landings and stairways, and discussed the wonderful entertainment of the evening, and with solemn vows never to miss an occasion of any sort that took place at the Club in the future.

—JACK O'MEARA

MEMBERS ENROLLED DURING MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Name	Outfit
Edward J. Vieno,	*103rd Amb. Co.*
Fred C. Hailer,	*Co. C, 103rd Inf.*
Anthony J. Rock,	*Supply Co., 101 F. A.*
O. W. Tornrose,	*Co. C, 101 F. A.*
Carl Nielson,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
W. D. Osier,	*Co. I, 101 Inf.*
L. G. Lafon,	*Co. C, 104th Inf.*
G. Bumgarner,	*M. C. Co., 102nd Inf.*
W. J. O'Neil,	*Co. C, 101 M. G. Bn.*
C. E. Hogan,	*102nd F. A.*
J. H. Barr, Jr.,	*Co. B, 101 Supply Tr.*
Chas. Malouf,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
B. R. Middlebrook,	*Co. K, 104th Inf.*
P. J. Wheel,	*E Co. 101 Amm. Tr.*
H. L. Grandey,	*104th Inf.*
A. J. Douyard,	*M. Co., 102nd Inf.*
Ray Bennett,	*B. Co., 101 Eng.*
Harold P. Waldron,	*M. G. Co., 103rd Inf.*
L. N. Deming,	*Co. E, 102nd Inf.*
P. J. Long,	*Co. E, 101 Inf.*
W. N. Hassan,	*Co. C, 101 F. A.*
E. E. Pelletier,	*Co. C, 101 F. S. Batt.*
F. H. Pierce,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
H. Pukallus,	*H. Q. 101 Eng.*
Geo. W. Day,	*Co. E, 104th Inf.*
N. Cournoyer,	*Co. G, 104th Inf.*
H. J. Cournoyer,	*101 M. P.'s*
R. C. Plant,	*Co. A, 101 M. P.'s*
D. E. Lamont,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
E. W. Mansur,	*Co. F, 101 Inf.*
J. J. Mahoney,	*Supply Co., 101 Inf.*
G. H. Newcomb,	*Co. B, 101 Eng.*
A. R. Meade,	*Co. C, 101 F. A.*
A. P. Newhall,	*Co. A, 101 F. S. Batt.*
R. H. Allen,	*Co. F, 104th Inf.*
Ralph Cohn,	*103rd Inf.*
A. L. Deutschmann,	*Div. H. Q.*
J. S. A. Christie,	*101 Field Hos.*
R. W. Talbot,	*Co. A, 101 Amm. Tr.*
J. Cavallaro,	*Co. F, 102nd Inf.*
H. E. Soly,	*Co. B, 102nd F. A.*
J. J. Bergin,	*H. Q., 101 Amm. Train*
H. H. Storm,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
W. T. Grout,	*Co. F, 102nd F. A.*
C. N. Lindsey,	*Co. F, 102nd F. A.*
H. G. Chase,	*101 F. S. Batt.*
J. R. Metcalf,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
W. H. Lyons,	*Co. D, 101 F. A.*
W. F. J. Mahoney,	*M. G. Co., 104th Inf.*
A. E. Doyle,	*Co. E, 101 Inf.*
W. O. Judkins,	*Supply Co., 103rd Inf.*
J. J. Fitzpatrick,	*101 F. S. Batt.*
C. E. Nissen,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
J. A. Kane,	*104th Inf.*
W. E. Bowman,	*H. Q. Co., 101 F. A.*
E. M. Doheny,	*M. G. Co., 101 Inf.*
W. J. Clegg,	*M. G. Co., 101 Inf.*
C. Shaughnessy,	*Co. A, 101 F. A.*
P. F. Crowell,	*Co. B, 103rd M. G. Bn.*
L. J. Caisse,	*H. Q. Co., 102nd F. A.*
Lyman B. Cozzens,	*Med. Detach., 101 Eng.*
J. F. McEntee,	*Co. A, 101 Inf.*
R. J. Johnson,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
A. T. Gormley,	*103rd Field Hospital*
B. F. Yates,	*104th Inf.*
A. G. DeLorie,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
L. M. Price,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
G. E. Salt,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
G. O. Cote,	*Co. I, 104th Inf.*
A. J. Foster,	*Co. C, 101 F. S. Batt.*
T. F. Hickey,	*Co. C, 101 Inf.*
E. L. Mullaney,	*H. Q. Co., 104th Inf.*
Robert Reed,	*M. G. Co., 103rd Inf.*
H. M. Woodward,	*101 F. S. Batt.*
Max Siders,	*Co. B, 101 Inf.*
Jos. T. Marinan,	*Co. D, 101 M. G. Batt.*
J. C. O'Neil,	*H. Q. Co., 101 Inf.*
A. J. Carr,	*Co. E, 101 Inf.*
D. J. Sullivan,	*Co. D, 101 Inf.*
Oluf S. Schau,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
A. F. Foley,	*Co. I, 101 Inf.*
W. S. Simpkins,	*102nd F. A.*
E. W. Lovett,	*Co. B, 101 Eng.*
J. J. Raymond,	*Co. B, 103rd Inf.*
H. W. Cranwell,	*Co. H., 101 Inf.*
F. E. Craven,	*Co. B, 101 F. A.*
H. A. Marshall,	*Co. B, 101 F. A.*
T. G. Grennan,	*M. G. Co., 101 Inf.*
L. F. Wilcox,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
E. St. Cyr,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*

A. H. Brackett,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
P. J. Ahearn,	*Co. B, 101 Inf.*
W. R. Lawrence,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
D. E. Carroll,	*Co. F, 103rd Inf.*
J. P. Barrett,	*Co. A, 101 Eng.*
B. P. Logan,	*Co. I, 103rd Inf.*
W. F. Pease,	*Co. C, 101 Inf.*
H. A. Steckel,	*H. Q. 101 San. Tr.*
C. B. Stevens,	*Co. E, 102nd F. A.*
R. J. Boretti,	*H. Q. 102nd F. A.*
R. W. Wiggett,	*H. Q. 102nd F. A.*
A. J. Berube,	*H. Q. 102nd F. A.*
Carl H. Lentz,	*102nd F. A.*
P. C. Preble,	*M. G. Co., 103rd Inf.*
J. F. Hough,	*Co. C, 103rd Inf.*
A. Halvorsen,	*Co. C, 103rd Inf.*
C. A. Lara,	*Co. C, 103rd Inf.*
T. D. Driscoll,	*Co. C, 103rd Inf.*
H. L. Mains,	*101 Amb. Co.*
E. T. Brown,	*Co. C, 101 Inf.*
R. L. Thomas,	*H. Q. Co., 101 Eng.*
E. W. Ingram,	*Bat. B., 101 F. A.*
J. F. Strain,	*M. G. Co., 101 Inf.*
S. M. McLeod,	*Co. K, 101 Inf.*
O. Bohlin,	*Co. D, 101 Eng.*
C. E. Cullen,	*Co. L, 101 Inf.*
C. A. Stearns,	*H. Q. 102nd F. A.*
H. E. Larkin,	*104th Inf.*
H. F. Drake,	*101 Supply Tr.*
P. O. Collins,	*101 San. Tr.*
J. E. Barnicle,	*Co. L, 101 Inf.*
J. L. Riley,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
F. L. Kellogg,	*Co. H, 103rd Inf.*
J. E. Conway,	*Co. B, 101 Inf.*
L. P. Fulton,	*Co. B, 104th Inf.*
J. D. McAuley,	*102nd F. A.*
H. C. Fraser,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
W. L. Wadsworth,	*Med. Detach, 102nd M.G.Batt.*
E. H. Barker,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
J. W. Lyons,	*H. Q. Co., 101 Inf.*
I. K. Woodcock,	*101 F. S. Batt.*
A. W. Young,	*Co. B, 101 F. S. Batt.*
W. M. McLeod,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
E. A. Barnard,	*Co. B, 101 Eng.*
Jos. H. Dunn,	*101 Amb. Co.*
Chas. A. Bennett,	*101 M. G. Batt.*
C. H. Warner,	*Co. H, 103rd Inf.*
Chas. O. Bouve,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
W. E. Flynn,	*Co. B, 101 Eng.*
J. Martin,	*Co. A, 102nd Inf.*
T. J. McDermott,	*Co. M, 101 Inf.*
E. E. Clough,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
J. L. McMahon,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
P. J. McDonald,	*Co. H, 101 Inf.*
I. R. Laxton,	*Co. A, 102nd F. A.*
L. L. Gleason,	*Co. A, 101 F. A.*
J. F. Mulcahy,	*Co. M, 102nd Inf.*
E. L. Grant,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
C. R. Patriquin,	*H. Q. 101 Inf.*
D. W. MacDonald,	*Co. E, 101 Supply Tr.*
M. W. Foster,	*H. Q. 101 Inf.*
A. C. Hendrickson,	*Co. C, 101 Inf.*
E. C. Noonan,	*Supply Co., 101 F. A.*
A. P. Dacey,	*Co. K, 104th Inf.*
F. J. Gillis,	*Co. B, 103rd Inf.*
J. H. Lowell,	*101 F. A.*
J. F. Madden,	*102nd F. A.*
J. G. Gavin,	*101 F. A.*
H. F. Ryan,	*Co. B, 101 Inf.*
W. J. Delaney,	*Co. B, 101 F. A.*
S. L. Pawsey,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
J. L. Lindgren,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
M. E. Farrell,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
L. Maes,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
E. F. Golden,	*101st Inf.*
C. H. Molloy, Jr.,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
R. G. Orchard,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
G. Boyd,	*Co. C, 101 Inf.*
W. J. McCarthy,	*Co. H, 101 Inf.*
C. P. Crosby,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
W. E. Carroll,	*Co. E, 102nd F. A.*
C. F. Perry Jr.,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
Antone Mello,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
W. M. Frank,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
Thomas J. Taffe,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
H. W. Grundy,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
E. P. Ashworth,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
B. H. McCullough,	*Co. D, 102nd F. A.*
G. L. Campbell,	*Co. L, 101 Inf.*
G. L. Long,	*101 San. Train*
Geo. L. Bell,	*102nd F. A.*
A. H. Contois,	*Band, 102nd F. A.*
Geo. I. Cross,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
C. W. Bates,	*Band, 101 F. A.*
Harry L. Hutchins,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Arthur Mowatt,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Leon A. Shirley,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
R. B. Eaton,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Chas. E. Edwards,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
L. E. Ela,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
A. E. Howard,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Timothy R. Foley,	*Co. B, 101 Inf.*
Lewis Wright,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Edward Parker,	*103rd M. G. Batt.*
Carl J. Peterson,	*H. Q. 101 F. A.*
Chas. F. Knight,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
O. H. Lingrell,	*Co. E, 101 Inf.*
T. D. Macrossie,	*104th Amb. Co.*
C. L. Ziz,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
C. F. Higginbotham,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Wilfrid L. Mills,	*Bat. D, 102 F. A.*
Geo. P. Thompson,	*Co. E, 101 Eng.*
Wm. S. Burgess,	*Co. F, 101 Eng.*
Augustine H. West,	*H. Q. Co., 101st Inf.*
R. Lewis Thayer, Jr.,	*Co. G, 104th Inf.*
Frank J. Olney,	*Co. F, 101st Eng.*
J. K. Surls, M. D.	*103rd Amb. Co.*
Elmer L. Murray,	*Bat. B, 102nd F. A.*
A. B. Rosoff, D. D. S.	*103rd M. G. Batt.*
R. F. Mauser, M. D.	*Med. Co., 102nd F. A.*
Lester N. Card,	*Co. C, 101 Eng.*
William H. Donald,	*Bat. B, 101st F. A.*
Harry L. Dalzell,	*Co. D, 101st Eng.*
George T. Fedor,	*102nd F. A., Batt. F*
James F. Rogers,	*101 Amb. Co.*
Charles S. Hener,	*101st San. Train*
William Barrett,	*103rd Amb. Co.*
Leo Batchelder,	*Co. K, 101st Inf.*

WHAT OUTFIT, BUDDY?

The following chart shows, by organization, the number of *Resident* members enrolled from November 1 to November 11th:

101st infantry	61
102nd Infantry	1
103rd Infantry	18
104th Infantry	14
101st Field Art.	34
102nd Field Art	12
103rd Field Art	0
101st M. G. Bn	0
102nd M. G. Bn.	6
103rd M. G. Bn	0
101st Engineers	82
101st Amm. Train	8
101st Supply Tr.	2
101st Field Sig. Bn.	18
101st Sanitary Tr	6
101st Tr. Hq. & MP's	2
Div. Hq. & Troop	8
101st Tr. Mortar By.	0
Mobile Ordnance Repair	0
Total	272

Company F, 101st Engineers, led all companies, having enrolled 26 resident members during the drive.

Company E, 101st Engineers, was second in line with a total of 18 resident members.

HERE'S THE GUY

The elusive gent who won the War has at last been discovered by "ANDY" SHEA (104th Inf.), who has clipped the following confession from the *Springfield Union*, under the caption "Amistice Day Thoughts":

To the Editor of The Union,

Sir: A lot of my friends say to me (I was a soldier in France, you know): "You wouldn't take a million dollars for all that experience, would you?" And I say, "What experience?" They look rather queerly at me and repeat: "All that great, grand experience you had over there—the thrills and—er—er—all that, you know."

"Oh," I say, just as if I had forgotten. "You mean that great experience of shoving a long shiny sharp piece of steel into the squirming body of somebody else, looking a great deal like you or me? The grand experience of picking up men, or what used to be men, very similar in their appearance to you or me, in shovels? The thrill of shooting at and being shot at by other men, just like you or me who, just like you or me didn't know what it was all about, though they told us it was a war for democracy—whatever that may be. All that learning to hate and hating; all that learning to kill and killing.

"No," I say, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for all that experience," because that's what they seem to want me to say.

—WILLIAM C. C.

Springfield, Nov. 12, 1926.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO THE

YD BOYS

FROM

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ROBERT WINSOR, JR.

Manager

CHRISTMAS 1917

By "Diablo"

With the approach of the Christmas holidays, one's thoughts return to the first Christmas spent in France. Our outfit was quartered up in Sartes, in a most dilapidated old barn which Uncle Sam paid good money for in rent. When the cold nights came, beams and whatever other removable firewood obtainable began to disappear from our hotel, and I understand that it would have been cheaper for Uncle Sam to supply us with wood than the enormous price he was obliged to pay to our French landlords for rebuilding that barn. At least by the holler and fuss they made one would imagine that we are really their conception of Indians from the wild west.

There was plenty of snow and ice around and the nights were clear and cold, but very few Christmas Carols were sung, as only a very few were able as we had been commissioned to clean up the town and remove some of the wealth from the door-yards, of which much is said as the determining factor in the wealth of a French farmer, and with many aches and pains one and all were glad to fall into their downy nests.

Christmas morning in 1917 was just as perfect as could be. The boxes were distributed. Soap, Soap, Soap was everywhere, the writer receiving some 12 bars in two boxes, along with several silk handkerchiefs. The dear ones at home were certainly making sure that we kept clean. No drill this day, for a change, and a bunch left for Neuchateau to celebrate, after our hamburg-steak dinner. Everyone was smoking all sorts of shapes, sizes, smells, etc., of those cigars which had been so long in transit, and what a sorry looking bunch they were. One sergeant in our group received a set of pajamas in his boxes, and had the colossal nerve to wear them, and considering his fortitude in bearing the ridicule rightly deserved a Congressional medal. And those socks! It plainly showed that our women folks were not as capable as the Puritans. A bunch here and there were the smallest of their worries, and ye Gods, how our feet had grown according to their imagination since we left the land of Liberty. We must not forget those cootie catchers, they were in abundance.

The return from Neuchateau was the duplicate of Wellington's victory at Waterloo, the only enemy being in this case French Cognac being the victor. A thin wavering line could be seen for miles as it came up over the hills from the station and the grand march of some six or seven kilometers was on. All arrived safely in port, strange though it may seem, and thus ended our Christmas celebration in '17.

Patient (with a bad cold—in a whisper)—"Is the doctor in?"

Nurse (in a similar whisper)—"No, come on in."

By Harris

On December 21, 1917, I with two other Sergeants from my Company went to Paris to stay over Christmas. On the afternoon of the 24th we heard that our outfit was to move on Christmas day probably to the front, so we started back that night. In the compartment with us were three French soldats with whom we began to fraternize in our limited French and their few words of English.

As the night dragged along we found that their thoughts were on previous Christmas eves spent with their loved ones by their own firesides, as were ours, and we all wondered if any of us would be spared to again see another Noel spent under the old happy conditions.

One of my friends produced a gold cross which had been his father's who was a minister. It meant the same to the six of us although of different races and religions; a small American flag and the French Tricolor were placed on either side and so a little altar was created in that dark train speeding us on to what we knew not. Silent prayers in the different languages, yet to the same Supreme Power, were made. I hope theirs were answered as were ours.

We Americans gave the French presents of cigarettes and they, at one of the many stops, secured bread, cheese and wine which they in turn presented to us and so we rode until early morning when their destination was reached. That is the last Christmas we three Americans have ever been together, but each year the old memories return and will return as long as any of us are on this earth and we send each other a reminder, just a Christmas card, but always written on each are these words "Memory of Xmas 1917." Last December 24th on arriving at my office I found a card from a city near Boston with the familiar greeting and another from way off California with this written on it:

> "Hark ye back to a scene eight years ago; War, France, Paris, funny little trains rumbling along, an atmosphere charged with danger yet romantic withal. American and French soldiers in a train compartment on their way back to duty, apprehension as to what the next few months will bring, little to be joyous over after the end of 'permission' in Paris. Then, the star of Bethlehem shone in the skies, wine was brought forth, the fire of patriotism burns fiercely, comradeship glows warmer, men of different races, of different tongues, realize that they are brothers after all. The spirit of Christmas enters the hearts of the soldiers and all is well in the world."
>
> Can you ever forget that night?

"I told your sister that I love her, and we are going to be married next summer."

"July?"

"No, I didn't. I really love her."

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LEST WE FORGET

By "Diablo"

Another year has rolled by and we have again rejoiced at the cessation of carnage some eight years ago. The leaders of our nation have addressed gatherings and assured them of the undying gratitude of this country to those who sleep now across the seas, and those suffering thousands now in our hospitals.

It will seem incredible to the nation at large that after the war has been over for eight years there are some 26,000 disabled men on the roster of the Veterans Bureau. It is safe to assume that this number will not be materially decreased for some years to come. Although time is a great healer of sorrow, there remain thousands of widows and children who cannot forget, on this Armistice day, the pain and suffering which has been their lot. Many of them have been compensated in monetary terms, but this cannot alleviate the sorrow and suffering brought on by crazed monarchs across the seas.

It would be fitting for us again to pledge our loyalty to the United States of America and to her alone. Let us take no part in the quarrels of distant lands, arm with the most modern of fighting equipment, strengthen the air service, have a supply of munitions on hand, and incorporate a draft-law which will embody all industries of our land. By advertising to other nations our preparedness, we will secure immunity from further conflict. And in passing let us not forget our Monroe Doctrine. It was the backbone of our country for many years; let us take it from the pigeon hole, dress it up, and let the world know we stand firm behind this instrument which formerly guided the destiny of America.

We of the past salute the soldier of tomorrow. Guard well the freedom purchased so dearly by the blood of your fathers. To you we hand the keeping of the Nation. Be true to God, your Nation and yourself, keeping foremost in your every day thoughts the freedom that is now yours.

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ARMISTICE DAY

"To ye we throw the torch from falling hands,
Be yours to hold it high,
for if you fail, we shall not sleep,
Tho poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields."

One year ago, following a disgraceful, un-American procession through the streets of Boston, a huge crowd gathered at Parkman Bandstand on the Common, where through loud speakers would come, greatly intensified, the poisonous venon of many hideous, squirming reptiles,—now coiled—ready to spring—strike—and lay bare the carcass of our fair America,—a weak prey for the hungry, vulture-like fanatics and diplomats of the entire world.

Like lightning,—seemingly from nowhere,—gathering numbers at each step,—swept an avalanche of veterans,—the same swanking Yank of 1917-1918; the same old overseas songs lustily sung, swirling round about that gathering, and, by the sheer force of personality, found only in a group of real veterans, wrested that body of well-meaning citizens from participation in the burial service of the American Flag sponsored by the depraved Pacifists; led them o'er the paths crossed many times by the real patriots of yore on that historic ground, to the Soldiers' Monument,—and gathering about the Boche cannon captured at Trugny,—recounted many experiences in the defence of Flag and Country and service to humanity.

Once again, on that drab November afternoon, "Old Glory" was fittingly raised to the sky,—as it had been in July 1918 at Chateau Thierry, when that German field piece was secured, in the Victory of American Arms.

The vanguard of that avalanche was composed of the men of Co. H, 101st Inf., Col. Logan's "Bulldogs," led by our own "Ev" Caswell. This spirited display by veterans of real service—spurred the veteran organizations to a realization of the feelings of the veteran, and activity, the result of which was the grand spectacle on November 11th, by the veterans themselves.

On Sunday, November, 14 1926, another avalanche of veterans, the same vanguard, led by the same "Ev" Caswell, descended upon Fall River, Mass., and again captured a gathering. They were not the swanky Yanks of the year before, there were no overseas songs,—theirs was a parade of silence and sorrow, theirs was to do a duty to their fallen comrades.

In a street parade of approximately two miles, a police escort led by Chief Martin Feeney, "Ev" Caswell and staff, followed by the New Bedford High School Cadet Band, and escorted by delegations of Legionaires of the YD Post of Boston, led by Commander "Jim" Woods; and the Wilcox Post of Fall River, headed by Commander Fitzgerald; also a platoon of Company H, 101st Inf. Mass. N. G., commanded by Lieut. John McManus, the Veterans of Co. H marched to the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and there on the altar where is enacted daily the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known, surrounded by National and Post colors, these solemn, silent soldiers, in communion with their beloved chaplain, Rev. Osias Boucher, offered the prayers of that service to the memory of their departed buddies, whose sacrifice resembled more than any other, that sacrifice made by the "Prince of Peace"—"Laying down their lives for their fellow men." A masterful sermon, very appropriate, and rich in feeling, by the Rev. Fr. Massey, left its toll in the hearts of all, if the tear-stained faces gave any indication of their real feelings. "O Salutaris" was splendidly sung by John Dennihan, a buddy of the YD Post.

After the service in the recreational section of the church property, dinner was served for approximately 700 persons. The many invited guests, veterans and those members of the parish who were fortunate enough to secure accommodations, in the limited capacity of the hall, enjoyed a very sumptuous repast. A few speeches of appreciation were in order and speedily dispensed with.

The veterans, at the request of Fr. Boucher, entertained with overseas numbers. The old quartette, Gleason Glasheen, Shields and Barter, were good (and sour sometimes). Gleason and Shea, put on the "Gentleman and the Bum," "Tim" Bowes recited "Mustered Out" in his own inimitable manner; John Dennihan sang a few songs, was wonderfully received, and would be singing yet if the boys had had their way. "Charlie" Perrelli put on an extemporaneous monologue, which was a knockout. Old John Murphy, presented Fr. Boucher with a violin—the wood of which was secured in the different sectors in which the company played—every sector being represented. The hair in the bow was snatched from the tail of Major Arthur Hanson's horse. The applause was tumultuous. John then re-appeared and recited one of the masterpieces written by him in France, "The Last Requiem." This drew many salty tears.

The finale was a very impressive tableau entitled, "Armistice Day," the whole layout being an appeal for the fitting observance of this one day—sacred to all veterans.

Finally, at 4 P. M., the line was again formed, passed in review before Fr. Boucher—was again reviewed by the Marshal and staff, disbanded, embarked on busses, headed for home.

A Real Armistice Day. —JACK O'MEARA

TAPS

WILLIAM A. COLEMAN, formerly Sgt. Major, Btn. Hdqts., 101st Ammunition Train, died at his home, Pleasant St., Milton, Mass., on November 29, 1926.

Taxicab Driver—"Where do you get that 'Home, James stuff? This is a Taxi—see!"

Passenger—"Pardon me, my error. Home, Jesse James!"

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

To The

YD Boys

From

A FRIEND

"Every man give one day's pay"

The committee is pleased to report that the 101st Field Artillery, 101st Field Signal Battalion, 101st Engineers, 102nd Field Artillery and 103rd Field Artillery are organized to complete personal solicitation campaigns. It is urged that every YD man constitute himself a committee of one to boost the Memorial idea as much as possible among his comrades. Every effort should be made to gain our objective in order that we may have our Memorial ready for dedication at the time of the American Legion Convention in France next September.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

CASH

Wm. J. McCarthy
Norman D. Mackay
Louis R. Ziegra
Arthur P. R. Wadlund
Perley C. Perkins
Albert Rossing
Arthur L. Rogerson
Andrew McIlravey
Lewis D. McDowell
Arthur P. Henderson
Wm. J. Brown
Miss Grace M. Clark

In Memory of
Chas. M. Clark

Dwight W. Cooke
Gerhard T. Johnson
A. W. Beckett
Joseph F. Boughan
Edwin J. Ribero
E. C. Carrier
Frank De Luca
Walter J. Lannon
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In Memory of
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Walter F. Livermore
John C. Morse
George F. Kennedy

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO DECEMBER 1

	Amt. Rec'd.	*Amt. Pledged*	*Total*
Div. Hq. Troop	$1,287.50	$125.00	$1,412.50
101st Inf.	979.46	173.00	1,152.46
101st F. A.	2,796.75	211.50	3,008.42
101st Tr. M.	28.00	13.00	41.00
101st Supply Tr.	92.00	25.00	117.00
*101st San. Train	453.00	66.00	519.00
101st F. Signal Bn.	226.00	45.00	271.00
101st Tr. Hq. & M.P.	133.00	25.00	158.00
101st M. G. Bn.	341.29	20.00	361.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	1,711.70	336.50	2,048.20
101st Amm. Tr.	389.00	147.00	536.00
102d Inf.	696.53	184.10	880.63
102d F. A.	1,263.25	152.75	1,416.00
102d M. G. Bn.	599.30	70.00	669.30
103d Inf.	781.20	279.50	1,060.70
103d F. A.	1,021.00	97.50	1,118.50
103d M. G.	164.00	50.00	214.00
104th Inf.	971.40	198.00	1,169.40
51st Art. Brigade	488.00		488.00
52d Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	28.40	135.00	163.40
Misc.	966.54	142.00	1,108.54
	$15,458.65	$2,505.85	$17,964.50

1,577 Donors, 516 Pledges,—Total 2,093

* Includes:

101st F. H.	103d F. H.
101st San. Train	103d Amb.
102d F. H.	104th F. H.
102d Amb.	104th Amb.

A. P. O. 709

CAPT. THOMAS A. KIRWAN (101st F. A., Bty. A) has been placed on the M. N. G. retired list with the rank of major.

A History of the 101st Infantry has been started by CAPT. WM. R. BUCKMINSTER (101st Inf., Co. L) who since the war has been twice to France where he took some wonderful photographs. LIEUT. "JIMMIE" ROSE is assisting in this work.

CAPT. LAWRENCE B. PAGE (102d F. A., Bty. B) will soon take an active part in the Massachusetts F. A. as a member of Col. Needham's staff. Before the War, Capt. Page was a member of A Battery, 1st Mass. F. A., having joined in 1910.

EUGENE M. KELCY (101st M. G. Bn.) came up from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., last month to attend the convention of Photo Finishers of America. He says that his war experience didn't mean a thing to him compared to the recent Florida hurricane.

LT. CHARLES A. BENNETT is Supt. of Parks in Fort Lauderdale.

Will anybody who knows the whereabouts of ALLISON B. STROUT (101st Inf.) kindly get into communication with his wife at 51 Putnam St., E. Boston.

Information is also requested concerning the whereabouts of ROBERT ANDERSON (103d F. A., Bty. F) whose home is in Eau Claire, Wis.

JOHN AGNEW has been promoted to Lieut. Col. and is now Machine Gun Officer of the new 26th Div.

CHARLES BOYNTON has also been promoted to Lieut. Col. and he is the Finance Officer of the division.

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OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er Comp."

Our annual banquet was held on amistice eve. at Louis Cafe with 60 odd old H-er Comp. men being present. We had as our guest on this occasion Gen. EDWARD L. LOGAN, Col. CARROLL SWAN, Capt. PAUL KELLER and Father BOUCHER. JOHN DANNIHAN and MONTE BROWN of the YD Club entertained the boys with songs and an orchestra furnished music during the evening.

AL SEARS, one of the boys we have not seen for some time, was among some of the long lost sons of H-er Comp. who put in their appearance on the above night. Time has changed the characteristics of most of the boys who helped to make H-er Comp. famous, but Al is the same old Al.

TOMMY MAZZA came down from his chicken farm in New Hampshire and saw all the old gang. Must have made Tommy think he was back in France where men and women show their affections alike as Tommy insisted on kissing some of the boys. We finally made him realize that we were not in France and the customs are somewhat different here. This is something unusual for Tommy for we all know he is a real he man. You can't tell what the stuff one gets to-day will make a person do. We would suggest that he change his source of supplies the next time.

We had visions of a banquet held by H-er Comp. some six years ago, one time during the night when a couple of the boys started playfully tossing salt shakers around—anyway as we said it was only a vision, and believe me we can be thankful for that.

As a whole the conduct of the gang was a credit to our association and we feel that the banquet was a success.

As we have said above, the boys have changed, because when all was over and the gang had departed, we went to the famous Emil to square our debts including breakages. We got our clearance papers without any damages being reported. Six years ago this would have made us think the world had gone wrong.

Our annual Memorial Mass at the parish of Father BOUCHER in Fall River was the most successful we ever had, so much so in fact that we are going to leave the telling of the affair to one of our able H-er Comp. Buddies whose story you will find elsewhere in this issue of DOINGS.

HARRY CRANWELL, BILL MCCARTY, BILL HAYWOOD and PETER MCDONALD are four more of old H-er Comp. who have signed up in the YD Club lately.

Our two major affairs of the year now being over, and enough money is left in the treasury to keep things going, so we have decided on a little rest before we start anything else. We have been so successful during the past year in everything that we undertook, especially in our last banner affair at Fall River where our expenses were up in three figures, that we haven't courage to start anything. So after we have rested our minds and bodies, it is hard to say what the next affair will be.

We take this opportunity through this column to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—E. H. C.

COMPANY A, 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

Congratulations to MALCOLM ("Pete") EATON and "BILL" M. CAMERON, who have each recently taken unto themselves a wife. When Co. A falls in for the next war, the "noes" will have it.

GUY L. BEAN, JR., sometime "Baron" of something, has migrated to Atlantic. If he mentioned leaving creditors behind, no one heard him.

WARREN F. FREEMAN, JR., better known as "Buck," yet a silver barred (not tongued) Lieutenant, hears occasionally from LOUIS T. BRYAN. Louis is living in Mercer, Tenn., and apparently devotes his time to raising strawberries, children, cotton, and other incidentals.

We saw "Cradle Snatchers" at the Hollis, recently, which reminded us of GEORGE BENTLEY'S hunting trip. Unlike the show, his was in the deep woods of Maine, where women are women, and the men—are guides.

HAROLD E. MACKAY and CLAUD NICHOLLS recently graced one of our Wednesday luncheons by their presence. Both were then unaffiliated in matrimony and business. They are open to offers.

At another luncheon, HARRY C. RODD, from across the river at Ginn & Co., Cambridge, said something about seeing some of the boys "a week from Thursday." They did.

We attempt to maintain a reliable Company A mailing list. We have lost liaison with JAMES W. CURRAN, LAWRENCE M. O'NEIL and RICHARD C. FREDETTE, all residents of Greater Boston. Can any reader help? (See previous issue for our address.)

Remember that this column is prepared three weeks before you receive it, not necessarily read it, so we hesitate in mentioning that we heard that HAROLD I. SLOCUMB is again back with the Checker Taxi Co.

It is rumored that our one time and genial top sergeant FRANK C. WHITE will be on here from the West coast about Christmas time. We'd like to stage a typical sergeant's party for him.

Keep out of the trenches this Christmas is our best wish for the holidays.

—A. C. H.

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

OWEN B. INGRAHAM (Hdq. Co.) of the Mounted Scouts now hangs his hat in Augusta, Me. Owen is farming for a living and boasts of a wife and three kiddies.

GEO. DYER (Sgt. M. G. Co.) is now working in a Portland garage.

LT. COL. BISBEE (Co. B and later Regimental Intelligence Officer) is now interested in refrigeration and manufactures the Evercold Refrigerator.

NAPOLEON LARRABEE (M. G. Co.), better known in the ring as Kid Larrabee back in pre-war days, is now conducting a pool room in Portland.

WALTER HINDS (101st Trench Mortar) is the proud Pa of Walter Jr., born November 4, 1926.

TOM WIGGIN (101st Engineers) has charge of the Rogers Fibre Booth at the recent "Maine in the Market" Exposition in Portland. Tom is on the road for the above concern.

The two above items are not 103rd but they will be attached for rations this month. Take their names, Sergeant.

ALBERT ARSENAULT (M. G. Co.) is still in uniform and drives a mail truck for Uncle Sam in Portland.

MAJOR DRAKE turned out with the boys for the Armistice Day parade in Portland. He is a traveling salesman and covers several of the New England States.

JOE SIVRET (Cook, M. G. Co.) has been seen in Lewiston recently, when he came in from the woods. Joe still follows the drive. One day in Liffol, Joe told us he was going to join the "Flying Cops" in the next war.

During the recent drive for membership in the YD Club, a dinner was held at Louis Cafe, Boston, on Nov. 9th. Owing to the short notice only about 25 were present. MAJOR CHAS. R. CABOT was chairman and later in the evening was elected President of the 103rd Association. We now have one in Maine and one in Massachusetts. It would be a good idea for the New Hampshire and Vermont members to have a "get-together." The Massachusetts bunch are planning on another reunion in April.

TOM CLANCY (G. Co.), generally known as "Gunner" Clancy, is now with the U.S. Postal Service in Boston. Tom used to keep our billet on the map back in Leffol. One night we staged a good one with the assistance of the Top Kick and several others.

BILL MOSER (M. G. Co.) is again on our mailing list. Bill got a couple of wounds in France but that was not enough as he had to fall down an elevator well and break his hip which laid him up for a long time.

Met BILL ROACH (Co. B) in Portland the other night. Bill is still "fireman" for the M. C. R. R., and hangs out in Brunswick.

BILL HOLDEN (formerly Col., later Hdq. Co.) writes from Malden that he got his O. D. issue out the other day from its "moth proof" bag and found that the whole d—moth family have been living in it since the day we graduated from Devens. Bill is married and has a 2-year-old son who snaps into it at the command "Allez-oop."

"DAVIE" GOLDBERG (Co. G), one of the best little runners the 2nd battalion ever had, has been transferred to the Immigration Office at Key West, Florida. David is engaged to a southern girl and expects to be married in the Spring. He is still in the service with the rank of Lieut. and is Battalion Adj. of the 1st Bn, 328th Infantry.

MALCOLM STODDARD (Capt. Supply Co. and Co. 1), head of the War Veterans Bureau in Portland, is the proud daddy of two months old Jane Stoddard.

BERNARD C. DUNLAP (Co. M and M. G. Co.), who resides in West Salisbury, N. H., is raising goats on his farm in that town. "B. C." used to get the writer's goat back in the good old days on the Concord camp ground when we billeted together.

HAROLD JONES (Supply Co.) recently went on a hunting trip in Colebrook, N. H. The news item did not dwell on the success of the hunt.

While attending the Bowdoin-Bates game this fall with FRED SHAW (Sgt. M. G. Co.) we met BILL JOHNSON, also M. G. Co. of Greenville, Maine, and a small sized reunion took place.

One morning about the middle of June 1918, during a heavy bombardment at Beaumont, friend PELUSO (K. P. in M. G. Co.) was heard to remark to his side kick KOTRINOS also K. P., who was just coming in the shelter of the dugout. "Hey Steve come on out of hole-man's land, come here in the dug-house."

There has been a good response to the request for news items and we hope the men will keep up sending in items of interest, both personal and historical.

Send items either direct to the YANKEE DOINGS for the 103rd column, or to E. K. HALE, Sec. 103rd Association, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

B COMPANY

Do you fellows of "B" company realize that our company shows up the poorest of all companies in the regiment in regard to the opportunity of giving to the Yankee Division Overseas Memorial. Our showing is pitiful—it makes one ashamed when you read the history and see when "B" company is spoken of the time we came down from Ayer for the election, as the nearest thing to regulars the rest of the regiment had seen. Is that now nothing but history?—Are all the rest to pass us?—The writer knows if the digging down were for a company reunion, or a good time, that you could be cashed in on physically instead of just mentally, we'll put it,—you'd all be there 100%. Contributions have been received from thirty of our fellows—eleven of that thirty were replacements—over one third—think that over. One third of the fellows that wore the "YD" insignia only eight or ten months, and the rest of you "birds" who are willing to share in the glory of every bit of favorable publicity earned by your three gold stripes, are not composed of enough sentiment to give a day's or half a day's pay. What is wrong?—Are ideals and memories completely dead in your minds? These western buddies who got nothing out of remarking they were in the "YD" except a little silent pride, perhaps, make up one third of the contributors.

The division has pledged itself for this memorial and I know of nothing finer that could be decided upon, nothing so original, nothing so perpetual, nothing that pleases the

French so well as the rebuilding of the church at Vaux. Let us not lose step—we all can give something, if only five francs and seventy centimes. We will all some day retrace our steps over there, and wouldn't it be fine to see a memorial to every combat division but our own! "B" company has some fine traditions, and they never fell down on a detail—nor will they.

I am sure you fellows will all sympathize with HOWARD FRYE in the loss of his father last month. Howard is with the Walter Baker Company, 155 Franklin St., New York City.

* * * *

"HANK" MONTEITH is damning the English coal strike—when he had coal, nobody would buy it—now that he can't get coal, he can sell more than he can deliver. Why don't you stop exports, "Hank"?

* * * *

Our little globe-trotter, "SPUD" WHITNEY, is back again from the bandit city of Chicago. He likes Paris better.

* * * *

"BOB" FISH is now out of jail, having severed his connections with the Federal Reserve Bank night force for a gentleman's job in the Malden Trust Company.

* * * *

BUTTERS is safe from the next draft, having taken unto himself a wife. He is located in New York City with the A. B. See Elevator Company. Instead of going up and down, he goes over and all around—with the elevator company, of course. In last month's DOINGS, we had him—Hartford, Connecticut.

CAPERS OF C

The recent membership raid of the YD Club in its great "Coupe de Main" netted the following array of good members: CAPT. ROTCH, HENRY STORM, LEO PARKER, MAL SMITH, ALEX DELORIE, LEROY PRICE, GEO. SALT, LOUIE YENNACO, LORING WILCOX, TONY BRACKETT, LLOYD GOODWIN, VIC SWART, JOHN RILEY, HAROLD FRASER, BOB LAWRENCE, EB. CLOUGH, and no doubt several others who will be mentioned when the orders from the Post Command have been checked up.

NORMAN CARTER must again be mentioned since the above is due to his very diligent work as a campaigner, making the third grade of all the members who detailed for that committee. More power to you Norman, it was well done.

HENRY STORM is in the Club, but let's hope he is out once in a while since Mrs. Storm is JOHN MARR'S sister. Reports are that John is very content out in Colorado and we are glad to hear the good news.

LEO PARKER had quite a get together chat with Carter at Leo's office lately.

MAL SMITH is still checking up Cambridge with the rod and gun (surveying).

The Brookline Fire Dept. is on our list with the representation of our old but never forgotten friend ALEX DELORIE.

ROY PRICE has something to brag about when he mentions the three little Prices. Maybe BILL CONNELLY will have some close competition shortly.

It looks as if GEORGE SALT will be following the birds South soon.

Two of our benedicts are living in Medford, HAROLD FRASER and LOUIE YENNACO.

Louie is with the R. H. White Co.

Harold is with the John Hancock Insurance Co., as is also FRANK THOMPSON.

TONY BRACKETT is living in Ipswich, Mass. Let's hear from you Tony.

Two important captures were made during the raid by JOHN RILEY and YADLER MCMAHON. Yadler lives in Cambridge while John does his inspecting line for our fair city.

LORING WILCOX can always find interest in the old gang. He is now a member of the club.

BOB LAWRENCE has been a regular attendant at the meetings of the YD Post of the Legion.

Arlington has been heard from in the person of Lloyd Goodwin, who will sure be with us at the next get together.

Over on Memorial Drive lives one of the four singers of the Apocalypse Quartet. He is none other than our songster Eb. Clough, who has been a strong booster all around.

CHARLES BOUVE is living in Hingham, Mass. No doubt we shall have some gala get together at our meeting in January next with this great bunch to add to the attraction.

With the same old victory smile did SHORTIE DECOTEAU thoughtfully step into the club after the Brown-Harvard game to say hello and leave his best regards to all, before going back to his native haunt in Plymouth, Mass.

We learn that HORACE DELGROSSO is in West Palm Beach, Fla. Horace has been away over a year now and that explains why we have not seen him lately.

It is reported that GEORGE HALFACRE is sick at a Boston hospital.

EDWIN E. MCCONNELL, who makes his headquarters in New York, visited Boston recently.

Climbing up the ladder of notoriety is TED KENT who has been made manager of the Hotel Walton in N. Y. City.

CHESTER HATT is living at 48 West St., Everett, Mass., where he is employed by a general trucking company

LESTER N. CARD is chief engineer on the delivery boat No. 3 of the Socony Co., of N. Y. He says he will be on deck at the coming C Co. reunion, at which he will sing the old sailor chanty "Blow the man down, Yo Ho and a bottle of rum," and others so dear to hearts of N. E. seafaring men.

BILL LACOURSE up in Maine has changed his dugout and is now in Lewiston, at R. F. D. No. 3.

Our good friend BALLARD has promised some very interesting features as regards photos and items for our Company book. Would like to have the example followed by any who have some items.

Springfield seems to keep HARRY MARNELL busy these days. Harry is still engineering there for his Boston concern.

The great wide spaces of Long Island, N. Y., have an attraction for our smiling RAY MCAULEY. Ray is located in Freeport.

JARDY (JARDINE) believes in having a slice of the world so has accumulated a piece of property in Lexington, Mass.

It seems as though EDDIE CREIGHTON is always on the hop and expects to make Billerica his home in the near future. Eddie is very busy at the piano with his team of musicians and they are a good team. He is connected with the Edison Electric Co., at their Boston office.

It will be interesting to know that the Mass. Inst. of Technology has honored one of our departed comrades. There are many names on a handsome marble Honor Roll in the main lobby and that of EMILE GAILLAC is among them for he was a student there before the armory days.

Some time ago WALLIE HILL was with NAVESY who lives off Third Ave., New York, when he isn't laying bricks at

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$17 per day. Tom's father greeted Wallie and made him welcome until Tom came home and after that the story ends, but who can tell?

CHAS. FERRIOLE was in Boston some time ago with Mrs. Ferriole. Charlie, who is a lawyer, was on business here. "It's great to talk."

Each man grab hold of a man and step along to the next company reunion. This is a sure way to fill the room and, besides, it will save quite a few envious men from saying, "I didn't know about it." Go after them and fill the hall!!

Don't forget the date,—Saturday, January 15, 1927.

The place,—YD Club of Boston, 200 Huntington Ave.

The occasion,—Annual meeting of C Co. Association. "Nuff Sed."

DOINGS OF "D"

SETH GOOD'S smiling face was seen by most of the football fans this fall, as he helped Harvard College run the football games by being one of the ticket takers.

E. L. FULLER is a lucky chap, went to France last May and stayed with a French family in Nancy until September. Went over most of France in their car and says he saw PLATT'S old friend in Paris.

D Co. was well represented Armistice Day. A few seen were: our old skipper, CARROLL SWAN, OSCAR BOHLIN, WEIBY, THAYER QUIMBY, former top kick DAVIS, CURRIE, BARTLETT, WALKER and EATON.

JIMMY SMITH is still helping his father run his plumbing business in Gloucester. He takes his vacation in the winter by going to Florida where he has made several good investments.

OTTO HELLAR we hear is now living in Randolph.

ROBERT YOUNG by good and faithful work has just been advanced another step. Young always keeps his eyes to the East and some day his brothers will have to turn out to honor him.

D Co. is checking every man for the YD Memorial; if you do not hear directly, send your contribution or pledge to HORATIO NEWHALL, 79 Milk St., Boston.

On Armistice Day WALTER J. GILLIS, 108 Brush Hill Rd., Milton, received a wire from CHARLIE NASON who wished the best of luck to the D Company men and wanted to be remembered to all. Nason's address is Pinehurst, N.C., and he would be pleased to hear from his buddies.

FRED MCGUIRE, FRANK MURDOCK and WALTER GILLIS were among the number of D men who renewed old times at the home of HARRY DALZELL on Armistice Eve.

Is there any reason why D Co's old quartet can't get together? As soon as possible will ALLAN MILLIKEN, DINNY BRUNTON and BUCKY BURKE get in touch with W. J. GILLIS at the address above. He'd appreciate any information concerning EDDIE DRYSDALE, MIKE MCCANN and CARL DURFEE.

FANCIES OF F

EARL CURTIS, who is now billeted in Arlington on Iroquois Road, was recently called upon to repel an early A.M. attack by the savages.

RALPH TAYLOR is enjoying calls from the old Fraternity at 22 Field Road in Arlington.

Sign on a store front: "Women Ready to Wear Clothes." It's about time.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

November 11, 1926, "Armistice Day," once more some of the buddies answered roll call at the monument on our old camp sight at Westfield, Mass. As we drove along the highway bordering the large field where our grand old regiment was molded into the great fighting machine it was later to become, one could not help but picture the tents and busy streets filled with young soldiers anxious to see the big show overseas. You could see the dead tree that stood near the Medical Detachment still standing as a sentry over the camp. Further down toward the company streets, you could still pick out where the tents were pitched, the ditch that was dug to drain the streets. There are still signs of where the kitchens were. And lest we forget, the "Bull Pen" now falling down from decay. The road that so many men worked on under the supervision of Colonel Foote is still doing good service.

Those of our regiment who have not been back to the old field should do so and see the beautiful monument there to commemorate the birth of the 104th U. S. Infantry and its achievements in the World War. It is of granite about eight feet tall, four feet wide, and eighteen inches through. On the face of it is a bronze placque depicting the decoration of our regimental colors and a scroll giving a synopsis of what it is all about for the benefit of the general public. The whole affair is on an elevation of earth about three feet high and about sixty feet square, covered with green grass and well kept. In rear is a half circle of evergreen trees, to the left of it is a flag pole and large flag, giving it a grand setting. It faces the college highway and hundreds of people stop to admire it during each year. We should certainly be proud of it and visit it whenever the occasion presents itself, especially May 30th and November 11th, when large wreaths are laid at its base.

At 11.00 o'clock the following men gathered around the monument for the annual service: General William C. Hayes, former regimental commander and past commander of the Veteran Association; Lt. William P. Forest, B Co., 1st Vice Commander; Sgt. Harold Woodworth, D Co., 2nd Vice Commander; Lt. Colonel George A. Roberts, Treasurer; Corporal Joseph Hines, K. Co., Commander Springfield Unit; Captain E. R. Burger, Machine Gun Co; Sgt. William Ferrier, Machine Gun Co.; Sgt. Arthur M. Fales, Mess Sgt. Machine Gun Co.; Sgt. Andrew Shea, M. G. Co.; Captain Clifford Renth, Medical Detachment; Sgt. Victor Gagnon, Medical Detachment; Pvt. Harold Clark, D. S. C., Medical Corps; Lt. Stewart Russell, Medical Detachment and past regimental commander; Sgt. Fred Heywood, Hdqtrs. Co.; Joseph Belrose, Hdqtrs. Co.; Pvt. John Cleary, Band; Fred Glens, Co. D; Bert Warner, Co. D; Cpl. Edward Bills, Co. K; Lt. Elmer Root and Lt. Harry Baker.

A large wreath of roses was placed at the base of monument. Cpl. Hines first called on General Hayes who spoke briefly on the spirit of the regiment and the importance of holding the Veteran Association together to perpetuate its wonderful record.

Lt. John Guinasso, representing the City Government of Westfield, Mass., was then called on. He informed the men that the City of Westfield is going to put cement steps and walk leading up to the monument and a curb around it and set iron posts at the corners connected with chains. This, no doubt, will be done by November 11th next year.

Lt. Forest spoke in regard to attendance at meetings and the executive meetings between now and Apremont Day, 1927, also about the mural painting.

Lt. Russell spoke about keeping up our interest in the organization and emphasized the easiest thing to do in this world is to forget. Let's not follow too closely the lines of least resistance, but put forth an effort to be present when the organization meets. It is your organization, you helped to make it, let's not let it die.

Lt. Baker blew taps and a one-minute silence ended the service.

The New England and Northern New York Retail Grocers Association had a special service at the Arlington National Cemetery, Sunday, October 17th, in honor of Private GEORGE MUNROE, of Easthampton, who was killed in action at Chateau Thierry, July 22, 1918. Private Munroe was a member of K Co., 104th Infantry. Before the war he was connected with the Berry, Dodge Co. of Boston.

Colonel GARRISON MCCASKEY, who commanded our regiment from August 13, 1918, to September 25, 1918, died November 11, 1926, at the Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Cal. Colonel McCaskey was retired for disability in line of duty with the rank of Lt. Colonel on July 1, 1920. He was born at Arty Ripley, Minn., on January 14, 1873, and entered the army as a private in the 20th Infantry in 1898. He was the son of the late Major-General William S. McCaskey.

The 104th Infantry Massachusetts National Guard had a mobilization of the entire organization Sunday, November 14th, at Forest Park, Springfield, Mass. In looking over the different units I found a number of familiar faces who served in the regiment during the War. Captain P. J. NORTON who was regimental Adjutant is now the Colonel of the new regiment; Captain EDMUND SLATE is a Lieutenant Colonel, Captain JAMES RIVERS is now a Major, Captain ALEXANDER MACDONALD is a Major, Captain WALLACE CHACQUET is a Major, Sgt. BAILOTT of Co. M is now a Major (quite a jump, Major), Lt. ROBERT ANDERSON is a Captain, Captain JAMES LOOMIS recently went back and is in command of Co. B. Captain HERBERT KELLY is still on the job as a company commander. Sgt. EDWARD WHITE of Co. K is a 2nd Lieutenant; Sgt. MIKE FORD is top-kick of Co. D; 1st Sgt. LAVALLEY, Co. I, is a Captain; Sgt. BILL MCGARRY, Co. D, is now a Captain. Captain CLIFFORD RENTH is still pulling and filling teeth for the soldiers. Sgt. PATRICK GLOSTER, M. G. Co., is a 2nd Lieutenant in the service company. There may be others still serving but I did not run on to them during the day.

Private HAROLD CLARK (D. S. C.) Medical Detachment and now Probation Officer Hampden and Berkshire Counties, is sure a busy man. Stopped to see him in his office and fought over a number of the battles of Pompierre. Says he wants to go to France next September if he can close the Court House long enough.

Sgt. RAYMOND JACKSON, Hqtrs. Co., is working for the Hayes Electrical Co., Springfield. We don't see you very often, Ray, what's the matter?

Mus. ALFRED TOELKEN, Co. K, is a fireman in Springfield. I see him once in a while out for a ride with his family.

RHYME SYLVESTER, Co. G, after serving about six years in the regular army has returned to Springfield. Brought home a wife and now has a very cute youngster running around. He is a member of the Military Police here. Watch your step while in town.

Sgt. FRANCIS B. WOOD, better known as Skip, Co. G, later 1st Lt. Infantry and after the war Captain Q. M. C., O. R., recently passed an examination for promotion with a mark of 98. That's going strong, Skip.

Sgt. HARRY PARTRIDGE, of Adams, was in town recently. He is still in the National Guard and as enthusiastic as ever. He doesn't look a day older than he did fifteen years ago.

1st. Sgt. MIKE FORD, Machine Gun Co., is still in the National Guard and just as popular as ever.

—G. A. R.

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

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ARTILLERY	15	9	6197
ALGERIANS	13	11	7425
101st INF.	12	12	7644
SIGNAL CORPS.	9	15	7213
104th INF.	8	16	7059

* * * *

HARLOW	96
WHITE	92
BOWERS	92
WELCH	92
LEONARDI	92
SOUSA	90
EMORY	90
MORRILL	89
ROBERTS	89
BOTSFORD	88
MURDOCK	88
ZOLLINGER	88
DUNPHY	86
FERGUSON	86
ATROCK	85
DAVIS	85
TURNER	85
MCKENZIE	85
KELLY	84
AL DAY	84
GOLDMAN	84
JOHNSON	84
GOODO	84
GOODE	82
KNOX	82
SMITH, A.	80
CAMPBELL	78
FARDY	78
FOLEY	78
BATTEN	77

* * * *

HIGH TEAM TOTAL: ENGINEERS 1382
HIGH TEAM SINGLE: 101st INF. 484
HIGH INDIVIDUAL: HARLOW 131
HIGH INDIVIDUAL, 3 STRING: WHITE and HARLOW 319

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"New England in France," by Emerson G. Taylor. History of the 26th Division $3.00
"Pictorial History of the 26th Division," by Edwin C. Cooper. (Leather Bound, only) . . . 8.00

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YD Watch Fobs 25

YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Listings for YD men only — One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50. Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Advertising, Printing and Typography

PAUL H. HINES (102d Inf.), Hines-Kliefleck, 120 Boylston St., Boston. Newspaper, radio and magazine advertising agents. Liberty 8818.
WALTER W. ANNABLE (101st F. A.) The Berkeley Press, 530 Atlantic Ave., Boston. Typographic Service and Printing for Advertisers.

Automobile Accident Insurance

RICHARD A. NOYES (Battery C, 101st F. A.), Box 204, Weston, Mass.

Banks and Investments

LESLIE A. BOSWELL (103d F. A.), Bonbright & Co., 319 Hospital Trust Bldg., Providence, R. I.
WILLIAM F. HOWE (102d F. A.), Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire St.
THOMAS A. KIRWAN (101st F. A.), Bond & Goodwin, Inc., 30 State St.
WAYLAND M. MINOT (102d F. A.), S. W. Straus & Co., 55 Congress St.

Camping and Outing Goods

MIKE DRISCOLL (101st Eng.), Washington St., Cor. of Devonshire St.

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DONALD P. SANDS (101st F.A.), Sands, Taylor & Wood Co., 28 Fitchburg St., Somerville, Mass.— KING ARTHUR FLOUR.

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T. P. CHANDLER (101st F. A.), Froidmont Farm, Wrentham. Tel. Walpole 475.

Illustrating

P. O. PALMSTROM (101st Engrs.), 270 Boylston St., Boston. Bac. 2075.

Insurance

AL. LABRECQUE (101st F.A.), J. C. Paige & Co., 40 Broad St. Main 5231
LAWRENCE B. PAGE (102d F. A.), 40 Broad St., Boston. Tel. Main 7880.

Jewelry

JOHN F. MALONE (102d F. A.), 387 Washington St., Boston. Lib. 8049.

Lumber

BENJAMIN JAMES (101st F. A.), James Lumber Co., 88 Broad St.

Machinery

G. M. KING (Div. Hq.), S. A. Woods Machine Co., Woodworking Machinery, Induction Motors. H. C. Dodge, Inc., Power Cultivators and Lawnmowers, Houselighting Plants.

Real Estate and Insurance

HORATIO NEWHALL (Co. D, 101st Engrs.), 79 Milk St., Boston.

Textile Soaps

JAMES M. BANNON, (102d F. A.), 58 Saunders St., Lawrence, Mass.

Veterinary

DR. W. H. LYNCH (102d F. A.), 432 St. John St., Portland. Tel. 7812.

This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

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A delinquent writes the credit man:

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